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WARREN·G·HARDING
THE MAN

By
Joe Mitchell Chapple

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Warren G. Harding —The Man

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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FOREWORD

THIS book is written as a friend would speak of a friend, whose superb qualities of manhood, known to his friends and neighbors, are to be made known to the world under the searching spotlight of a Presidential Campaign.

When a friend appeared and offered to stand sponsor for a book, I could not resist. There was a fire in my bones that impelled me to write when Warren G. Harding was nominated for President of the United States. While not intended as a political book, there is an earnest intent that the reader may feel that this tribute is tempered with the restraint due to dealing with future events, and that it is not inspired by partisan bias.

All America loves a man—no matter under what party banner he may enlist.

"God, give us men!"

This was the cry of the poet, John G. Holland, in the days following the Civil War. The cry is still heard in the land! That is why I delight to write of Warren G. Harding, first and last, as a Man—irrespective of other distinctions that may come to him.

"The Attic"
Boston

Ira Mitchell Chapple

I

THE CALL FOR LEADERSHIP

ON the tablets of Time is burned the memory—even the history of those whose lives are dedicated to the cause of humanity. And it is well. Little do we remember, little do most of us care, less do most of us think of the inner motives which mould the bigger motives that make us free or happy. Perhaps it is a law of Nature to forget. Human relations, even nations, start with the family. Who ever heard of a family that individually or collectively took the pains to consider the tiny, indiscernible, extrinsic elements that make for the most expedient and beneficent management and government of that little group.

It is the same way with nations.

Men come and men go. Ever and anon are the sweep of new thought, new interests, new problems, new fields to develop, new hazards that must be braved, new corruptions that

must be crushed, new enterprises that must be sponsored. Stability of man and mankind is as impracticable as an attempt to lull the Atlantic into an everlasting quiet. Times change, men change and thought changes, even as desire changes. Which leads to my objective—the intention of declaring that the institution most affected by this intangible, elusive, multi-polygon of doubt and human nature is our system of bestowing on certain individuals the honor and responsibility of capably interpreting our likes and dislikes, our fears and hopes, our ambitions and our follies. This art of caring for the multifarious wants of millions comes under the name of "politics," a noun too large for proper classification by our *deans* of *English*, a word that has a scope bounded only by the Arctic snows, the southern seas, and the wills and wants of mankind. Indeed, it is a word of illusions. Its par-value fluctuates on the exchange of opinions. In fact, if it ever had a par value such value was only temporary, only a passing whim.

Leaders are men who know the operation of other minds and have a capacity for co-operative effort. And these qualities of a new leader, quiet and unobtrusive, stand out as a

marked characteristic. The man whom everyone likes within the entire circle of close acquaintance is the man who likes everybody. The equation is never failing.

Whoever understood politics? Who dares to prophesy, with any degree of scientific accuracy, where politics holds sway?

Combining the highest ethics and ideals, and the lowest trickery and intrigue, some people are prone to look with suspicion upon politicians as the black sheep—others as the white-fleeced leaders of the flocks.

But—

We remember that a political convention gave to the world Abraham Lincoln.

The acquaintance of nations with its leaders passes through varied processes. The hour, the time and the responsibility demand men fitted for the occasion. It is difficult to name the specific hour, time, and particular responsibility that foreshadow the faith that comes from friendships, individual and collective, that crystallize into public favor, permanent and enduring. Humanity loves Lincoln today because even in the days of 1860, unknown and untried, the home folks were the first to insist that he possessed those fundamental virtues

that come with a virile, heartsome neighborliness which could not be limited by state or national boundary lines. In Lincoln we find included some traits of our very own selves, which he encompassed so completely and comprehensively through his contact with the "plain people," as he loved to call us, that his completed circle of greatness finds a place for all humankind.

The American people have ever placed the homely virtues and common sense as the first qualification of a public servant. They naturally love and follow a public man who manifestly has some of our own virtues and even some of our own faults, but whose whole nature is in the large mould of a man who understands his fellow-man.

The flowers of friendship bud, bloom, and alas, even in their fading, defy all description based on a concrete incident. You cannot tell just why, when or how you began admiring or even loving a friend. In the light of a borrowed match you may have caught the glow on the face of a man for whom friendship blossomed in the all-pervading kindly sunlight of a casual greeting. The result of this may be a kinship as close as blood ties—a fruitage that just grows.

In the early days of the month of June, 1920, I felt the wild call of politics. The eyes of the world were focused on the metropolis of the Mid-West, where nine hundred and eighty-four men and women were expressing the will of millions. The roar was reaching me. I felt the pulse-beat of stirring multitudes.

From the time Chairman Will H. Hays opened the proceedings by declaring it the greatest free-for-all national political convention ever held, it was anyone's guess upon whom the high honor of the nomination would fall.

Bossless, leaderless, the delegates found themselves in a haze of speculation. They queried each other:

"Well, who is it going to be?"

And nobody could answer.

The time for a new leader had come. The delegates were there. The bosses were not there. It was a great moment in history—the one time in which the voice of every one of the millions of sovereign voters directly shape and influence the destinies of our own country in choosing a President. This convention was the prelude of the balloting tribunal in November, which will prove the greatest referendum ever known in history.

Then, one afternoon came a thrill that sent the blood surging in my veins. There was a friend who now stood almost on the high peak of party favor. The whole world was looking at him, wondering about him, inquiring about him, thinking about him. The Republican National Convention had nominated Warren G. Harding, for President of the United States of America.

II

A MAN OF "MANIFEST DESTINY"

HAVE you ever heard a friend who rises to public prominence discussed by people from random impressions? From a photograph, from a glimpse in public life, from stray paragraphs, the picture of the man is formed. Then you begin to realize how few public men are really known by the people. The true proportions may not always prevail in the perspective of an admiring friend, any more than in the hazy, indistinct notions that enhalo a new leader whom destiny has thrust into the foreground of world activities.

In 1916 I stood on the platform of the Coliseum at Chicago after the Republican Convention had adjourned *sine die.* As Warren G. Harding laid down the gavel, a group of admiring friends gathered about and chorused the remark: "You will be nominated here four years hence." The remark passed as one of the

casual political prophecies, but events recall events.

It was in 1912 when Warren G. Harding first addressed the delegates of the Republican Convention. It was not a brilliant or pyrotechnic speech. It was too balanced to suit the temper of the times, and he, like many others, was consigned by political wiseacres to the oblivion that envelops passing figures in the political panorama. There was something in his bearing and presence on the platform, however, which indicated to keen observers that he was in an environment he understood, and for which he was fitted. The whirlwind of political discussion was not new to him. At that time there were rivals and opponents who felt a respect for this well-matured and well-equipped spokesman for his people. They insisted, just as the "home folks" did, that here was a man in the full and unmeasured sense of the word.

He looked, acted and spoke the part of the typical American, concerning whom admirers might venture the conviction:

"Some day that man will be President!"

When he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, his friends felt there was a Governor-in-the-making, but alas, political tides ebb and

flow, and he was defeated because of a divided party. Four years later he was elected United States Senator—one of the first in this country chosen by the direct vote of the people.

The senatorial toga came to him as Ohio's tribute to his fitness to deal with national problems, as revealed first of all in his address at the Republican National Convention two years before, and his presiding genius in the turbulent days of 1916—four years later.

When the list of presidential nominees for the Republican party, with its high prospects of success, were reviewed in 1920, his name was never far in the background.

"He came from behind," as they say in real sports.

His primary campaign was so modest that two-thirds of all the funds were contributed by the "home folks" at Marion. Every dollar carried the conviction of the "home folks"—those who knew the man—that he should be President. Some of the campaign funds were returned.

The unpretentious way in which his campaign was conducted was indicated in the cards used in the Republican Convention in Chicago. They were the very same as those used in the

state primaries a month previous, with the words "primaries (May 4th)" blotted out. The same printed likeness of Mr. Harding was carried by the delegates, as by the voters of Ohio. The whole appeal was so simple and modest at Chicago that the Harding men could easily wear the cards, like a miner's torch, in their hats. All of which recalled the simplicity of Lincoln's campaign in 1860.

In 1920, memorable year of history, the three-hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers is to be celebrated. Once again will be re-affirmed those basic principles of representative government which were drawn up under the light of a swinging lantern, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. May there not be something analogous—something of "manifest destiny" in the nomination of a man whose ancestors were of that same hardy stock, and who, generation after generation, have carried into domestic and public life the flint of Plymouth Rock?

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MRS. WARREN G. HARDING

III

A BLUE-EYED BABE IN BLOOMING GROVE

YEARS ago the little hamlet was called Corsica, after the birthplace of Napoleon, but the flowers of the woods and the prairie suggested the name of Blooming Grove, to which it was changed. One hundred years ago, on a little eminence outside this Ohio village, the Hardings located. Midway in this century, November 2, 1865, a blue-eyed boy was born, in a farmhouse amid simple surroundings. The mother rejoiced that her first-born was a boy, for she had dreams concerning his destiny. The old daguerreotypes, still in existence, show the serene Phoebe Dickerson and Tyron Harding in a pleasing romance at sweet sixteen. This picture reveals the unusual charm of Warren Harding's mother. When the youthful suitor proposed marriage, this sensible girl said:

"No, Tyron, we must wait until we have an education." And wait they did, both gradu-

ating later in medicine, and each equipped with a knowledge of the physical basis of life and the ability not only to live well themselves, but to help others to live.

Those were the days of large families; yet it is striking to note how near to extinction this branch of the Harding line came. Owing to the Indian massacres, only a single Harding remained, yet like the Nile, almost disappearing at times, the family strain broadened in the next generation, no less than nineteen names appearing in the family bible record.

The boy, Warren, was named for the husband of "Aunt Tillie," who was Rev. Warren Gamaliel Bancroft, a Methodist preacher who lived a long life of usefulness in active service, and who watched with warm interest the development of his namesake.

As a young country editor in a far-away state, I had the friendship and counsel of this self-same minister; but never thought of the added distinction which might come to Warren G. Bancroft after his life-work was done.

True to the name he bore, the child was an early student at his mother's knee, listening to Bible stories and always "hungry for more." Before he could read, he was committing to

memory the great sentiments and truths of the Scriptures. Before he knew even his alphabet his mother read him many books. During these formative days there grew up a beautiful intimacy with his mother that was never broken. Her passionate fondness for flowers was communicated to the son, who, in all the after years, whether at home or across the seas, whether alone or among multitudes, had flowers for her every Sunday morning as long as she lived. She passed away in 1910, but he still clings to the custom of having flowers in his room each Sunday to recall the sacred memory, thus observing "Mother's Day" every week of the year.

The child grew up as he should—to be just a boy, not a prodigy, but humanly normal. He ran away and had to be tied to the bedpost, like other boys. Yet in all his discipline, no actual blow was ever struck—his mother's method being to seat the boy smartly in a chair, and then look straight into his eyes and say, "Now, Warren!" Then would begin that earnest counsel, that reasoning, that guidance suffused with mother-heartedness, which constituted the whole of the maternal authority.

These first five years of life at Blooming

Grove have left their mark. The father and mother were busy with their patients and responses to calls from far and near. Those were the days of agues, chills and fever, demanding from the doctor and his wife time and absence from home, even to sitting up nights with the sick and the sorrowing; but never the night that little Warren was not with his mother, even on her errands of mercy.

At the village store one day there arrived some red-topped, brass-toed boots for little boys. In that day the ambition of the smallest son was to wear boots like father's. Little Warren was told that he might go and "look" at them. He toddled down, and his blue eyes sparkled as he saw the coveted red-tops.

"Do you want to take them home?" asked the shrewdly observant country storekeeper, as he patted the lad on the head. That was enough for Warren; his little arms were outstretched, and he promptly opened his first "charge account," feeling sure that his "credit" would be backed by "Daddy," if not by "Mother." When he had said his prayers that night, he seized the red-topped boots and begged that he might take them to bed with him, and as the

DR. GEORGE TYRON HARDING

Father of Warren G. Harding. Dr. Harding was seventy-six years old on the day his son was nominated for President

mother stooped to kiss him she saw closely snuggled in his arms the little red-topped boots.

She left him to dream the angel dreams of childhood.

IV

BOYHOOD DAYS IN A COUNTRY TOWN

WHEN I think of Warren G. Harding, the man, I love to recall those rollicking tales related of his boyhood—just the average small-town-farmer-boy career. The "moving to town" was an event—and the hay rack served as the van. Then came the days and nights, too, to do chores, for even in the city, there was the doctor's horse and the cow, and school days succeeded happy vacation hours. He was early recognized by associates as a careful leader. He did not venture far out in Whetstone Creek until he knew he could swim. He had his jean trousers and his gingham suit dipped and tied in a knot while in swimming—as others had before him.

But he untied the knots.

He played Indian and Pom Pom Pullaway, and played hard, but there was always a feeling among teachers that "Doc," as he was nick-

named, would pull through the examinations, although he could not be called the "model boy" in school. He loved to speak pieces, and his rendering of Patrick Henry's "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" was at least concluded with the graceful bow then taught in schools.

These eventful years from four to sixteen—milking the cows, working in the fields, painting fences, keeping the wood box filled—although not perhaps discerned at the time, are where a life career is often determined. Rather shy, big and awkward, Warren Harding was known as a serious boy, with an inclination to write essays and an occasional flight to "poetry." He pored over encyclopedias now and then, to drink deep in the biography of his favorite Napoleon and Alexander Hamilton. In order to have his essays in real type, he was ambitious to become a printer. Perched on a stool, he soon learned the "boxes" in the Caledonia *Argus* office. He quickly learned the printer's trade, and the glory of Gutenburg was upon him when he had the privilege of "throwing in pi," that is, distributing back into the boxes the jumbled mass of type that had fallen "off its feet."

Caledonia had a brass band, a real cornet band, and young Harding played an alto horn

and learned that "after beats" were as important as the slip horn or solo trombone. Later on, when the family moved to Marion, he joined the band there, and became its youthful manager. That excursion of the new band to Chicago, upon the occasion of the opening of the Erie Railroad, with $2.40 expense money, was an event in the young life of the alto player of the Caledonia Cornet Band, who sweltered in a helmet somewhat large for him. What is life in a country town without "belonging to the band?"

The literary society, debates, amateur dramatics, in fact all activities included the services of the quiet, but ever-ready American lad.

Young Warren had made a trip to the circus at Marion and had been there with "the band." But to live in the county seat, where the big stone court house was located, and where the railroads were all junctionized, looked like a real future. On to college was the exhilarating vision of Dr. Harding and his wife and family of children in the early eighties.

These were the days when Caledonia boasted of eight hundred population and proved it by the census. Now it is six hundred, but there are some pessimists left who insist this is too

high. There are fine frame houses, and it is a real "home town." The history of all the famous men who have gone from the town cluster about high school traditions.

There were tears in the eyes of playmates on the day the Harding children left Caledonia. Iberia then seemed far away. Little groups of the chums gathered, and in brusque boy fashion bade "Doc" Harding, good-bye, with pledges to continue to keep the secrets of the "Stunners" sacred and to smash the "Chain Gang," the rival organization, at first chance. Then they whispered confidentially that they would let him know if the girls were planning one of those deaf and dumb "surprise parties" where they served lady-fingers and salad.

Boyhood ties were broken, but boyhood memories remained.

V

COLLEGE DAYS AT THE "CENTRAL OHIO"

THE distance from the High School in Caledonia, which Harding attended, to the Central Ohio College in Iberia was only seven short miles—an easy walking distance for the long-legged farmer lad. The college no longer exists, having succumbed to institutions with larger facilities. This college, founded before the Civil War, was a famous underground railway station, pregnant with thrilling Abolition tales which have never been printed. At the age of fifteen, Warren Harding appeared at this co-educational institution, one of only sixty students. The college was founded by the United Presbyterian Church, but it later became undenominational. Dr. Harding having the education of his children uppermost in mind, moved his family to a farm three miles away, where young Warren could conveniently attend college and have the week-ends at home.

At the age of seventeen he became a school teacher, mainly because it was the habit of country youths to take a turn at teaching.

In his three years at this institution Warren Harding maintained the traditions of school days portrayed by Tom Brown at Rugby. Although in 1910 he received the degree of Doctor of Law from Northern Ohio University, the one reminder which the village people point to with most pride is the door of Dr. Virtue's office, painted by Warren Harding forty years ago, with pigments and craftsmanship that have withstood the ravages of time. It was good paint.

On the site of the old college on a shaded knoll resides Frank Miller, an old classmate. He was a Harding booster at the Chicago Convention and returned to the green meadows fringed with maples, with a feeling that his old chum had at last realized some of the visions they chaffingly discussed in the moments when studies grew dull and they walked far afield.

Now came the flood of college anecdotes. Warren did not fancy chemistry as a study, but delighted in its experimental opportunities. The teacher's desk proved a luring laboratory. Underneath was placed a bottle of hydrogen

MRS. G. T. HARDING
Mother of Warren G. Harding (died May 29, 1910)

sulphide, which was popular because of its strong odor of addled eggs. The stopper was tied with a string attached to the drawer in the desk. This drawer when opened meant trouble. Meek and docile, the embryo chemists waited, and when the drawer was opened by the teacher everyone "just looked around," holding their offended nostrils to escape the olfactory torture. All assisted in the search, but the aged eggs were never found to this day, for at noon the bottle was removed and the mystery remained unsolved.

The new professor was always telling the students that they were not as smart as the boys at Delaware, where he formerly taught. In the geometry class one day he remarked:

"I wish you boys would do things as they do them at Delaware."

That night Warren Harding accepted the challenge—he stayed up far into the morning hours studying his geometry. At the recitation the following morning he was called on and demonstrated propositions for two solid class hours without an error until the professor fairly gasped and asked him to cease.

"Is that as good as they do at Delaware?" asked Warren, with a twinkle in his eye. The

professor said: "I think it is." After that there was nothing more said about the boys at Delaware.

The three years at college deepened his determination to try a newspaper career and follow the impulse which had come to him when setting type in the little brick building which still stands in the town square, where the village paper was printed. During vacations he returned to Caledonia and worked in a brickyard, a stiff job in hot weather, but young Harding was equal to the emergency.

There were hints of some college romance and long walks down the country road in the autumn moonlight, and sleighing parties in the tingling air of winter. Still living in this locality are some of his old college mates, among them the co-eds that are now looking up the scrawled notes which read with classic formality, "Will you accept my company home tonight?" and bearing a signature that now has the possibility of sending out invitations to visit the White House.

VI

BEGINNING LIFE IN A BIG TOWN

GRADUATING from college, young Harding's eyes turned toward Marion as the "big town" to "grow up with" and launch his "bark on the stormy seas of life"—as read the girl's valedictory. The railroad maps encouraged the vision that here was to be builded a real city. Always keeping in mind the interests of his growing family, Dr. Harding decided to move to this county seat. He and the mother ever remained the pals of their boys and girls. Young Warren soon decided that his star would shine in the firmament if he could work on a newspaper. A job secured on a Democratic newspaper, young Harding felt that his destiny was assured, for he was permitted to write locals and put them in type and to run the old hand press. The father was an enthusiastic admirer of James G. Blaine, and so was his son, Warren. Those were the days of in-

tense feeling, either for or against James G. Blaine. The editor of the paper despised the name of Blaine and when he found young Harding wearing a Blaine hat, that was enough. He lost his job. The fire of determination was awakened in the youth whose dreams had been so rudely shattered. At the age of nineteen he and a brother printer, Jack Warwick, bought the Marion *Star*, then a struggling newspaper, where the "ghost" seldom "walked" on Saturday —pay day. His father helped him, but disclaims ever having any interest, direct or indirect, in the paper, and Warren G. Harding soon became "editor and publisher" of a Republican newspaper.

Now it was work in earnest. He began setting editorials directly from the case, and addressed the wrappers going to the few admiring subscribers included in the list of old school friends in Caledonia—ten miles away. The people of Marion and the farmers roundabout soon grew to admire and love the hard-working young editor in his struggles to provide for paper, ink, and payrolls. The *Star* kept right on shining and growing more luminous as the crisp and earnest editorials, hearty home-like "locals" appeared. At one time or another the

CHARLES HARDING

MARY ANN CRAWFORD HARDING

name of nearly every man, woman and child in Marion appeared in the columns of the *Star*.

Although famed far and wide as a strong speaker, he was timid about public addresses at home. When he delivered his lecture on "Alexander Hamilton," and took an active part in the local Chautauqua, the home people were not thinking of him as a great speaker, but just looked at him and thought the old thoughts.

The real relations to friends at home are expressed in the instructions given to all workers and reporters on the Marion *Star* by Warren G. Harding when he launched his career:

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent; be fair; be generous. Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody, and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering give the facts; tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there's any politics to be played, we will play it in our Editorial Columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortune of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and, above all, be clean and never let a

dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

WARREN G. HARDING.

The common sense and vigor of the young editor were revealed in a well-defined policy for the conduct of a newspaper. It did not attract circulation at first, but eventually it won the confidence that endures with life. In public service Warren G. Harding never dodged the drudgery of his duty. Every question was to him a matter of thorough, conscientious, balanced judgment. He wrote editorials every day on public problems which were quoted far and wide in Ohio-land, as his reputation as a sound thinker began to find the furthermost boundary lines of the nation.

Warren Harding is never afraid of himself and understands self-expression. He does not strangle that impulse which lies within us to live, feel and think with others, realizing the richness of Hellenic ideals.

VII

THE HARDINGS A HARDY BREED

IN the early struggles of rearing the family, the definite plan of father and mother was to educate their children. Little was said of ancestors. They were too busy with the problems of the present. In moving about, many of the old relics and heirlooms and records were scattered, but relatives in the East kindly furnished the Harding brothers and sisters with the proof of their right to be enrolled as Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

In 1624 Stephen and Richard Harding arrived at Weymouth Landing, Mass., and joined the Plymouth Colony. Later, Amos Harding left for Rhode Island, and when the Revolution came it found his descendants had again removed to Orange County, New York, and many of the Hardings enlisted and fought in the Continental Army with the New York troops. The restless, adventuresome Harding spirit prevailed, and

the family pushed on to Pennsylvania and settled in Wyoming Valley.

On the morning before July 4 in 1778 the cry rang out in Wyoming valley, "Remember the Hardings." The brave defenders of Forty Fort made their attack, only to be cut down by the Tory Butler and his rangers, assisted by the Seneca Indians in their mad blood-lust. There were three hundred victims in the massacre of Wyoming, and among them many Hardings, ancestors of Warren G. Harding, who stood their ground on the frontier and left a tradition of devotion to their firesides, their country, and their freedom that is imperishable.

Under the willows in a lonely cemetery in this historic vale is a modest slab erected over the resting place of Hardings, on which is engraved the epitaph:

> "Sweet be the sleep of those who preferred death to slavery."

The Hardings fell three days before the tragic massacre that found its background in one of the loveliest vales of Pennsylvania. Two of these fighters were Revolutionary soldiers, Abraham Harding and Captain Stephen Harding. It was Amos, the son of Abraham, who pushed

on to the West and founded the pioneer home in Richland County (now a part of Morrow County), Ohio, one hundred years ago. Five generations of Hardings have carried on the traditions of their family to the Mid-West. The forbears of Warren G. Harding never departed from the ideals carried to Ohio that began with Stephen Harding in 1624, when he arrived from Devonshire, England, to become a prominent personage in the Providence plantations.

Generation after generation these ideals of representative government have been reflected in the lives now obscure, and now eminent among the virile Harding breed who have played their part in the creation and triumphs of government that came with the founding of New England and the colonies of the New World.

The Slocum families, related to the Hardings, were scalped and wiped out in the massacre, with the exception of a little girl of three, who was captured and carried off by the Indians. She was given up for dead after years of search, but the story of the lost child was handed down year by year. A vagrant paragraph in a newspaper relative to the probable fate of this child came to the attention of

Colonel George Evans, an Indian trader in Loganport, Indiana. While among the Indians one day he observed a squaw who did not seem to act or walk like the rest of the tribe. Her sleeves were rolled up, revealing the white skin of her arm, which immediately aroused his suspicion. He addressed her in the Miami tongue, calling her a white woman, and she started, saying, "Yes, I was a white child, but I can remember nothing of my people."

She was married to the chief of the tribe which captured her, but had left him to become the bride of the chief of the Miamis. When implored to return to her people she refused. Two grown daughters and a lifetime spent with the wandering savages had completely weaned her from her own. The spell of the wild was stronger than the call of civilization, and a monument to her memory was erected, commemorating her as "The White Rose of the Miamis."

These are among the traditions recounted to me by Warren Harding's father.

Although Dr. Harding was seventy-six years of age the day his son was nominated for President, he is still making his daily rounds of calls on patients. He steps sprightly, his

eyes are not dimmed, nor his vigor abated. His memory is unerring on past as well as on present happenings. He seems especially well informed on all the current political topics, as well as the economic history of the country during his long and active life. One could see the influence of the brain power and tenacious memory of the father who had trained his son.

The Hardings are a hardy breed.

A visit to Dr. Harding's home, where the young editor lived in the struggling days of the *Star*, reveals a modest structure with maple trees in front and a narrow, vine-covered porch. Immediately one feels the homelike, hospitable atmosphere of a place where real boys and girls had lived. I had knocked several times before the door was opened by the handsome and stately sister of the Republican nominee, who has maintained the traditions of the family as a teacher in the high school for a decade. As she ushered me in, she seemed truly a queen in gingham. She had been busy about the housework. Her name is Abigail Harding, but she is called "Miss Daisy." Another sister, Mrs. Votaw, of Washington, D. C., entered later, having returned from her work as voluntary probation officer of the Women's Bureau, Metropolitan

Police Prevention Work Among Girls, to the old home. She is the sister who spent ten years as a missionary in India, and established missions and dispensaries in Burmah. It was of her and her brother Warren—the last and the first born—of whom the mother had said:

"These are consecrated for service to God and to humanity."

How beautiful it was to hear this family speak of one another in such terms of affection, lending a new halo to the meaning of the American home! There was the other son, Dr. George Tyron Harding, Jr., Columbus, Ohio, who had chosen his father's profession, in which he has achieved marked distinction. They spoke of Charity, Mrs. Remsberg, the sister in distant California, who was a great chum of her brother Warren, who christened her with the pet name of "Chatty" because of genial companionship.

What large family is not blessed with the name of Mary? A few years ago Mary Harding passed away in young womanhood, leaving to the family a precious heritage. Having only slight vision, she made golden minutes and precious hours of life, and saw things not revealed to the physical sense, and her contribution to the

enrichment of the family was a marvelous spirituality. For years her brother had read to her, hour after hour, books and papers, discussing the great questions of the day and the philosophy of life and politics, for which an enlightened soul gave her a keen insight. When this sister and her mother passed beyond the sight of mortals, the arc of the family circle was broken and bereft of two choice spirits.

Then we were off to the Doctor's office. The way was long and the day was hot. Street cars were running, but the sprightly young man of seventy-six led me off at a merry clip down the maple-lined avenue, while he kept up a cheery chat, now and then interjecting something about Warren and telling me of his horse and why he did not like automobiles.

"I had two; one I ran into a wire fence trying to dodge a load of hay, and the other had a meaner disposition than any balky horse I ever owned."

Up one flight in the *Daily Star* building, and I found myself in Dr. Harding's office. On the open door was a printed pasteboard sign, that had been there for many years, evidently printed in the *Star* office from wood type, reading:

"Dr. Harding's Office"

Open-hearted and frank, there is a wholesomeness that made the visit with the father of Warren G. Harding one long to be remembered.

Across the hall is his son Warren's editorial den, and together father and son have been real comrades, although following different professions.

In the editor's office the Doctor proudly pointed to the picture of James G. Blaine.

He left me to finish my notes upon the editorial desk of his son. It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and a little later I peeked into the Doctor's office. The attendant said: "The Doctor is taking a little nap after the rush of calls."

I tiptoed quietly down stairs. He was just the sort of dear old dad we all love.

VIII

THE BROADENING FIELD OF PUBLIC SERVICE

THE unfolding of the public career of Warren G. Harding was as natural as the processes of evolution in the physical world. He was born to lead, trained for destiny, measured up to responsibility, and naturally grew to Presidential timber.

The home town of Marion honors her distinguished son, because from the beginning he has been the highest exemplification of civic responsibility and leadership. The growth of the city from six thousand to thirty-six thousand has had no more important factor than the work of Warren Harding. Whatever pertained to the public good always found in "W. G." an ardent advocate and supporter. Because of this, the "home-folk" are for him. They know him, believe in him, love him.

This describes the man! As he is loved at home, so he has been regarded abroad, as the horizon of his activities has widened.

The qualities which have most to do with the creation of a strong personal following—a following which is not political so much as friendly—are first of all a rugged honesty, Lincolnesque in its directness and simplicity. It is no small tribute in a large town to know his friends by their first names and yet to have retained through a period of thirty-six years the trust and respect of all. Long service in a growing American city is a supreme test of a public man. One of his favorite mottoes is "Honesty endures," and his home people declare him sincere as Roosevelt; affable as McKinley, and with Blaine's capacity for inspiring friendships.

His first public office came as the natural result of his unconscious friend-making. These friends expressed their views from various angles.

"We want him for the state Senate, for he looks like a Senator." "We will not nominate him for any office until we can make him Senator, for he speaks like a Senator."

This was in 1889. In the campaign, his enthusiastic father took the picture of his son from the wall and put it in the window of his office. This was too much for the modest Warren. Going in, he took it down, saying:

"Let the other people put up the pictures, Dad; they all know where you stand."

He served for four years in the turret-towered capital at Columbus, where his work on committees, his insight into state and national questions, his team-work and conference genius soon marked him as a man destined for wider fields of usefulness.

From this time his editorials on public and national questions began to attract wide attention. Here he shows strong and big. The files of his paper are an open book. His every mood and whim was day by day, through a long period of years, put to the test. He stood four-square to all questions and discussed them in a fearless forum with his own people.

His ripe judgment, graceful speech, polished manner soon drew him to Chautauqua platforms and on the circuit. His service in the state Senate won for him the Lieutenant-Governorship of his state in 1903. And in 1908 he first addressed a national Republican convention. In the thick of the fight he was a towering figure.

His election to positions of public trust was now a succession of dates. In 1914 he was elected to the United States Senate from Ohio by over 102,000 majority.

Now the broadening career had begun in earnest. The World War conflagration had just broken out. The beginning of his Senatorial service was contemporaneous with the advent of a new world order. Here his long daily study of national and international questions found scope. He was made a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, had much to do with drafting the document declaring a state of war, and later with the conduct of the great combat.

With all the exacting questions that had to be met, he soon proved the good judgment of his home state in sending him to the Senate. The hours of long study at home, the point of view gained even from the days when as a boy he sat in the Caledonia court room listening to the arguments of local attorneys, the ripe experience of long grappling with questions of national import, came to flower.

He was soon recognized as a Senator of balanced brain and heart. His judgment was sound, having in it the vision of the statesman, together with the common sense of a trained business man. Perplexing judicial and diplomatic questions were submitted to him, and in all situations his careful, well-poised, bal-

anced point of view clarified the most complex situations.

In a pre-convention address before the Home Market Club in Boston, he spoke from the same platform with Governor Coolidge, the Vice-Presidential nominee, and little did they, or any of those present, dream that this combination of brain, power and leadership would be combined on one ticket. Here Warren G. Harding paid a tribute to Roosevelt as the one who had brought the awakening of the American conscience and closed with this prayerful prophecy:

FACE TO THE FRONT

"I like to think that we in the United States of America have come nearer to establishing dependable popular government than any people in the world. Let us cling to the things which made us what we are. We are eminent in the world, and self-respecting as no other people are. Yet America has just begun. It is only morning in our National life. I believe there is a destiny for this Republic; that we are called to the inheritance, and are going on to its fulfillment. Let us have our faces to the front. Let us cling fast to the inheritance which is ours, never fearing the enemy from without, but watching the enemies from within, and move on to the fulfillment of a splendid destiny."

The scene now shifts to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1920. The

time for constructive leadership in the most crucial period of the world's history has come. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Even the delegates were confused. Day after day passed. Ballot after ballot was taken. The convention was deadlocked. The long vigils and sleepless nights brought no solution until somebody voiced the unspoken thought of many: "With Harding in the White House, the country can sleep nights." Slowly, surely, the deep, sober judgment of the convention began to crystallize about the sentiment. The more the delegates thought about it, the more they came to believe it—the wonder was that they had not thought about it before. Not by sudden action, but by slow birth, was chosen a new leader in American politics.

Warren G. Harding was the man.

RESIDENCE OF WARREN G. HARDING AT MARION, OHIO

IX

WHEN THE NEWS REACHED THE HOME FOLKS

AFTER the nomination in Chicago, the big whistles in the "shovel factory" at Marion sounded for the call to celebrate. They have the roar of an ocean liner. Here is where most of the steam shovels were manufactured that dug the Panama Canal. In the railroad restaurant, and everywhere, were evidences of the celebration on Saturday night when the news was received from Chicago that "W. G." had been nominated. Every electric light post on East Center Street was adorned with a cluster of flags. Crude photographs were hastily posted in the windows of homes and stores. Here were the home folks among whom he had lived, and when I asked a small boy of twelve in the restaurant if he had met Mr. Harding, "Nope, I never saw Mr. Harding, but you know we all just know him anyhow." Another lad entered whom they called "Happy," and his smiling face

indicated the appropriateness of his name. Nothing escapes the brusque and frank expressiveness of nicknames in real American boy-life. The trains were coming in from all directions—Erie, Hocking Valley, Big Four and Pennsy., indicating that Marion may be another Canton for the pilgrimage of admirers and supporters of the candidate when the front porch campaign begins—a fitting setting for a porch campaign.

East Center Street, with churches on one side and a school on the other, impressed the writer with what the average American town considers first. There was the omnipresent Orpheum and moving picture houses, billboards, and all the appurtenances that belong to the average city. It was a hot day, and some of the housewives were rocking on the porch under the vines for a breathing spell after the morning work. There was the old stone courthouse from which the street cars and interurban radiate. On the Marion County Bank was a sign saying it was founded in 1839, so that it must be understood that Marion is a city with a history. Everybody seemed to be mowing the front lawn, and painters were busy, for Marion appreciated its responsibility in the coming campaign.

The temptation was too much, and I dropped in at the stores to find out just what they thought of Warren Harding. One of the first I met was jolly Dick Crissinger. He announced that he had always been a Democrat, but insisted that Warren G. Harding was a "live one" and this was the year that he would vote the Republican ticket. The plumbers, the bakers, the little shoe shops and the big department stores were filled with people who were eager to tell you about "W. G.," as he is affectionately called. An organization was launched by Dick Crissinger, who was twice the Democratic nominee for Congress, to organize a Harding-for-President Club that would make the election practically unanimous in the Marion district. Old-time Republicans rubbed their eyes as they saw the wheel-horse Democrats at work for Harding.

After the nomination the boys were kept busy sending bundles and bundles of letters and telegrams of congratulation pouring in from all cities and states to follow the candidate to Washington. The Hoo Hoos, good-natured with their black cat ensign, Knights of Pythias, Loyal Order of Moose, the Elks, Sons of Veterans, and every civic organization to which he belonged, vied with each other in fraternal and

affectionate greetings. His tribute to "Mooseheart" echoed the call of a true fraternity mother.

On Mount Vernon Avenue, lined with beautiful maples, is located the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Harding. They were preparing for the home-coming, and the seven hundred feet of porch space was being polished. It was a simple, modest, but substantial home. In the early struggles of the *Star*, Warren Harding courted and won the favor of Florence Kling. The father opposed the match and insisted that they could not be married with his consent, but the young people kept on and drew the plans for a house of their own in which to be married. In the meantime, the bride-to-be studied the problems of the business manager of the *Star*, and the tide soon turned towards profits to help pay off the debt and build a home.

The long-looked for day of the wedding arrived, and in the new house, scarcely completed, a simple ceremony which made the young editor, Warren G. Harding, and Florence Kling man and wife, was performed without the presence of the bride's father.

As the guests departed, they saw the young bride and groom standing in the doorway, little thinking that their future home might be in the White House, at Washington, D. C.

X

THE MEASURE OF THE MAN

THE real biography of Warren G. Harding will be written day by day, in act and deed under the pitiless spotlight of a Presidential campaign. Every word, every inflection, almost every inner thought, is X-rayed by the earnest voter of the country seeking to get the truth concerning the man whose name will appear on over twenty million ballots—the white messengers of authority—scattered over the country like snowflakes on November 2, 1920, on which the voters of the United States are to register with a simple mark of "X" or O.K. with a lead pencil, the measure of the man whom they choose to have as their President to safeguard the interest of home and country while the mad tides of internationalism are threatening our own and other shores.

Election day falls upon the anniversary of his birth; every ballot for him will be a birthday gift.

How few people realize that in a Presidential election the individual vote that is cast is the

one direct contact that every citizen personally has with choosing the man he desires to represent him as the chief executive of his country. The electoral college has long since become a mere matter of form, for the ballot is in itself a contract definitely expressed, that the policies of sound government, as indicated in the speeches and acts of Warren G. Harding, shall be carried out by and with the consent of the people and their representatives in Congress and the Judiciary, co-ordinating once more the three fundamental branches of government, as outlined in the Constitution. The virtue of this contract depends on promises fulfilled, and a violated pledge or breach of faith has never been associated with the public or private life of Warren G. Harding.

His sense of loyalty to party covenants has been expressed in this following firm declaration:

"Through political parties we have the means of expressing our convictions and aspirations, and out of the composite view of the thinking people of America we write the covenant of party faith, which we translate into party action."

Added to his other gifts is a rare sense of humor, which, to the delight of his hearers, even crept into the discussions of prosaic questions and made him a favorite speaker in all parts of the country. The story of a hat bought

in Paris, illustrative of how the tariff works, may be cited from the traditionally dull pages of the *Congressional Record*:

CARRIED THE HAT HIMSELF

"Now, what were facts? Bear in mind that I had given $40 for this hat in Paris, and the tariff is a tax, and the tariff is 60 per cent.

"Well, this hat was a very beautiful specimen. It was a large one, and I, as the head of the family, became its special bearer and custodian. I carried that particular piece of millinery from Paris to Calais, and from Calais to Dover, and from Dover to London, and from London to Liverpool, and was bothered with it from one side of the Atlantic to the other, and when we landed in New York city, and a more or less vain woman put on her Paris hat here to go out and show it to New York, and we started down Fifth Avenue, we had not gone a block until in a show window was the identical hat that I purchased and carried from Paris.

"The tariff is a tax, and I gave up $40 in Paris for a hat and found it in a window in New York city advertised at $24."

Standing more than six feet in the flesh, with head erect and the steady eye of a gladiator, Warren Harding measures in character up to every task, with motives of honesty and justice; an indomitable instinct and purpose; an unblemished armor of Honor.

Thrice-armed he leads a cause that is just.

XI

CHARACTER THE REALITY

EARLY in the campaign it was evident that Senator Harding was a candidate who would grow in favor the more he became known. The general impression concerning him in days following the nomination, among voters in his own party, was far from being a correct estimate of the man. As the days passed and those who knew him began to speak, the people began to understand. They looked again at his pictures and understood that under those dark shaggy eyebrows gleamed blue eyes as kindly as any that ever reflected the soul of a man. While in no sense self-opinionated, his life work has indicated that he is not an easy man for any clique or outside influence to control. He has none of the angles of self-esteem that prevent him from getting on and working with other men. The keynote of his first utterances was an appeal for normal common sense.

He began early to seek advice and counsel. His election means a cabinet of strong, capable men whose counsel and guidance with Warren G. Harding's conception of executive functions will result in directing the Ship of State safely through the shoals of the coming years. The personnel of virile men already called for counsel includes men having some of the elements of power that characterized the names now famed through their association with the life and times of Abraham Lincoln.

The businesslike and sensible way in which he grappled the problems of a candidate, foreshadowed the sane poise of a president. He went direct from Chicago to Washington, unaffected by the demonstrations, to clear the decks and prepare for the event at the home town of Marion, where he delivered the notable speech of acceptance from the threshold of his own house. Here was initiated a porch campaign that may become as memorable as that of McKinley at Canton and Abraham Lincoln at Springfield. Evidence accumulated day by day as his speeches were delivered that here was a man to lead the country in the re-adjustment days of the nation.

In the character of Warren G. Harding I am first impressed with his honesty and his considerate heart; also his way of attending strictly to his own business and duties. Meeting conditions day by day in the light of the average notions of average people, understood and appreciated by the average American, illustrates again how he reaches sound conclusions on great questions.

"Every action is measured by the depths of the sentiment from which it proceeds." This was the declaration of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in commenting upon Abraham Lincoln during the war before the world had the measure of his greatness. Look for the source from which flows the acts of Warren Harding, and there is ever apparent a sentiment that assures the reality of his character.

XII

THE LOG BOOK OF LIFE

THE log book of Warren G. Harding's life indicates that he has traveled far and wide over this country, speaking from California to Maine, and Canada to Texas, addressing audiences in the large cities and small towns. During these years he has been able to analyze the aspirations of nearly every community in the United States, from the metropolis to the smallest hamlet. He speaks the language of the Far West, knows the ambitions of the Middle West, and is sympathetic in his knowledge and understanding of the problems of the East and South. He has met the people and debated public questions in much the same manner as Abraham Lincoln discussed them. In his Chautauqua addresses he has been able to make a cross-section survey of what the people think on public matters. On the stump he has grappled political prob-

lems with the virility of an effective campaigner.

Having seen America first, Warren G. Harding is one hundred per cent. American. In his study of the tariff and national questions, he went abroad to get the facts, realizing that observation should be co-ordinated with information to insure an intelligent conception of any subject.

One of the recommendations of Warren G. Harding is that he has the brevity of a trained editorial writer. He could not write or dictate an ambiguous, comprehensive, hypothetical sentence or paragraph if he tried. His thoughts have the power of direct transmission, and are not lost in a maze of rhetoric.

The generosity of his nature was indicated when his father-in-law, who refused to attend the wedding of his daughter, announced himself as a candidate for public office. Everyone said: "Of course, Harding will oppose him." Instead he gave him the hearty endorsement of a loyal worker in the ranks. They became fast friends later, which continued until the death of Mr. Kling. He never used his own paper to boost his own political career.

Senator Harding's wife, Mrs. Florence Kling Harding, has truly exemplified the comradeship

and support of an American wife. Like Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Harding believes that her husband belongs to the public, and in order to help him in his work maintains that her duty is first to the home. There's no glamor or procession of public functions to interfere. Her ambition is that of a helpmate and home-maker. Maintaining the wholesome spirit and atmosphere of American home life, no matter what eminence may come to her distinguished husband, is the one life purpose of Florence Kling Harding.

When Bastile Day, July 14th, was to be observed in Marion, Mrs. Harding discovered there was not a flag of France in the city. With the spirit of a descendant of French Huguenots, she sewed together strips of red, white, and blue, and the tri-color of France proudly floated from the Harding residence on the great French holiday. The example of Betsy Ross was emulated. As a home-maker, Mrs. Harding has always delighted in doing those things that have through the years added to the glory and splendid traditions of American home life, expressed with the modesty of a true helpmate:

"Warren does the talking, and I do the baking for the family."

OFFICE BUILDING OF THE MARION "STAR"

EDITORIAL DESK AT WHICH WARREN G. HARDING WORKED

XIII

BY HIS GREETINGS YOU SHALL KNOW HIM

THE interchange of personal greetings between the Republican and Democratic candidates for President shows the broad mindedness and good nature of Warren Harding, and also the real calibre of the man.

Senator Harding says:

"I recall a much remarked cartoon which portrayed you and me as newsboys contesting for the White House delivery. It seems to have been prophetic. As an Ohioan and a fellow-publisher, I congratulate you on your notable victory."

Governor Cox's message to Harding:

"I accept your message as an evidence of the fraternal impulse which has always characterized the craft to which you and I belong. I heartily reciprocate the felicitous spirit which you have expressed."

In commenting upon Governor Cox's nomination, Senator Harding said:

"It is an added consideration shown to our great state of Ohio, for which I am glad, and gives reasonable assur-

ance that finally a newspaper man is to be made the nation's chief executive. Ohio has accorded Governor Cox very unusual distinction, and he deserved his notable victory at San Francisco. His nomination will not change our activities in any way in Ohio. It is a great party contest before us, to be fought on great principles involved, and neither place or residence nor personality will have any marked influence on the result."

The following colloquial comment concerning his political opponent further reveals his proportions of greatness:

"I don't know what he thinks of me, but Cox is a shrewd man, possessor of great political wisdom, and has made a very able Governor of Ohio, whom the people like and approve. He has done many things in Ohio. Cox is smart. He understands politics. He makes a very impressive speech. I have great respect for his newspaper ability."

As the legislative and public record of Warren G. Harding is reviewed, or searched with X-ray thoroughly by opponents, his staunch and stalwart qualities are further reflected. He is frankly and avowedly a party man, believing in the wisdom of the many. In the conduct of public affairs in a Republic he insists that no one man's wisdom is sufficient. As he said:

"The covenant of our party must be the deliberate and harmonized convictions of representative Republican thought, digested in national councils."

There is no doubt as to where he stands on every question that confronts him, for he has the happy faculty of expressing honest conviction without a camouflage construction of double meaning, blowing hot and cold. The biography of Warren G. Harding in the Congressional Directory, which is furnished by each individual Senator, is counted the model of brevity and modesty, and could scarcely have been condensed—even by one letter or a punctuation mark.

Even his political opponents recognize him, not as an enemy, but as a man who is always broad-minded and human in his outlook: "As a man, he is good to look upon and to be trusted, and there is in him an assuring indemnity if our party loses."

In all the years of active public life he has made few enemies, but these enemies have felt the hard blow of righteous indignation which he delivers with a power of conviction, fighting for a principle rather than from personal feeling or passion.

His native Ohio loves him because it knows him first as a man. He has spoken many times in all but one of the eighty-eight counties of the state. The "home folks" believed years

ago that he was of the proportions of a statesman, just as Lincoln's home folks believed him before national renown came and despite a rather colorless career as Congressman, which did not estimate or foreshadow his later fame.

Senator Harding will never fill the role of a solitary wise man, but fulfills the ideals of a constitutional statesman. True to constitutional form, he insists upon formulating his political creed through his party and advisers—even reaching beyond the boundaries of his own party lines for advice and counsel, in order to reach the true balance, which reflects the wisdom, sound sense, and clarity of judgment recognized in the man.

Life is one round of greetings—morning, noon, and night have their salutations—which mark "the manner of the man." Now the insistent telephone bell makes one continuous merry chime of intermittent greeting. The cheery "hello" of the Republican candidate was indexed in his speech of acceptance as a grand hailing sign to America. It has inspired the people to "call" again. The voters will "put in a call" November 2 for Warren G. Harding that will secure a clear line for Uncle Sam to tell him that it was—

"America first!"

XIV

HIS RELATIONS WITH THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE fact that Theodore Roosevelt in 1916 turned to Senator Harding to prepare an amendment to the Selective Draft Law indicated his faith in Warren G. Harding's capacity to direct the most vital war matters before Congress.

The legal and legislative ability that secured the passage of the bill through both houses of a Congress which was politically hostile, was an early triumph for Senator Harding as a national leader in the Senate. It remained for President Wilson's veto to keep Theodore Roosevelt "out of the war," with four sons as volunteers, and France calling for his help. There was perfect personal and political accord between Colonel Roosevelt and Senator Harding, lasting until the death of the intrepid leader, who aroused the United States to the full consciousness of its duty. The Colonel conferred with Senator

Harding many times, and the firm friendship remained unbroken until his untimely death. Associates and the family of Theodore Roosevelt regarded Harding as a friend true-blue. Roosevelt recognized that the Republican party must be restored to power to save the country from the wave of inefficiency and wanton wastefulness and the drift toward anarchy. This, he felt, must be accomplished by unity and harmony, and he warmly appreciated the services of Senator Harding as a leader.

In demanding at the height of the coal shortage that the Interstate Commerce Commission assign coal cars at the mines *pro rata*, without favoritism, Senator Harding made a Rooseveltian stroke. He recognized that with the miners it was not altogether a matter of wages, but steady employment. To break the custom of working only a few days at high wages to be consumed in idle days, owing to shortage of cars, was the crux of the matter. The miner's welfare depends on how many days he can work, and calculate his year's income to meet the year's living expenses, with all its fluctuations. This prompt action of Senator Harding is recognized as the first constructive legislation for the miners passed in many years, and a forward

step of permanent advantage to consumer, operator and miner in eliminating waste.

Senator Harding voted and worked for the National Suffrage Amendment, with an idea of obtaining permanent results rather than make a spectacular crusade that would attract admiration or plaudits. The basic rights for woman suffrage he believed was settled in 1776.

With a courage unflinching, he has put himself in the background time and time again when the interest of his party or country came first. He has even faced the charge of reactionary with a cool head, and has dared to defy the charge of demagogue. Honesty, sound to the core, is the inherent and supreme virtue of Warren G. Harding. He has never been sympathetic with class or race appeal, but his record on the labor problems has been made with a conception that labor is first of all entitled to American rights. His votes on labor issues indicate his clear-headed judgment on securing positive and permanent benefits justly and squarely as citizens and not as a class. His own personal relations with labor tell the story in deeds, and the appreciation of laboring men and union men, who are closest to him, is only a logical sequence. Capital, labor, or any

clique cannot hope to brow-beat or swerve Warren G. Harding from settled convictions with an appeal to expediency. The question comes back: "Is it right?"

With the prospect of seventeen million women voting and ten million more who are not voting in the South, the coming campaign will be an interesting revelation as to the influence of the women in naming a President of the United States. The strong, stalwart Warren G. Harding, with a personal life as clean as a hound's tooth, will prove as popular with men, as a man's man, and with American women who insist upon a manhood that will honor American homes—his first concern in public service.

Warren Harding's life passion has been an admiration for honesty as the first attribute of every man entering public service. This was shown in his reverent tribute to Theodore Roosevelt:

"We can never hope properly to raise the public standard until we elevate the individual standard. The main thing is to get honest men. . . . There is no end to the reformation honesty will work. It exalts men and commands confidence. Colonel Roosevelt was a fine example. The American worship of Colonel Roosevelt is founded on the popular belief in his absolute honesty."

The spirit of Roosevelt goes marching on!

XV

A FOUR-SQUARE LEADER

BORN on a farm, a worker on the soil who wore overalls and jeans, one who comes directly from the soil, the farmers know that honesty in Warren G. Harding is a natural and necessary consequence of birth and breeding. He has long been understood by farmers of Ohio as one who has a genuine, sympathetic appreciation of agricultural problems. While the rural vote of the country may never all unite on any one candidate, the one who possesses the undoubted characteristic of the embattled farmers at Lexington will not be overlooked in their calculations. The erstwhile Ohio farm lad has the qualities demanded in a public servant since the earliest colonial days.

There's never been any doubt as to where Warren Harding stands on the dry question. A constitutional act with him is law. He has not been affected by sodden dew and will do

nothing to attract a wet vote by subterfuge. He stands on this question as on others—four-square to the winds. Not for any human reward would he sacrifice convictions or stultify conscience.

Suffrage in Ohio was thwarted for a time by being confused in the mix-up of the wet and dry fight. The voters will not be confused as to where Warren G. Harding stands on any question of law or principle.

Every word or phrase that he uttered in the Senate of Ohio or the Senate of the United States has been scanned and re-read with searching interest. His utterances written and spoken are an open book.

The fact that all the opposing candidates in the Republican Convention of 1920, including the leaders, General Leonard Wood, Herbert Hoover, Frank O. Lowden and Hiram Johnson, have endorsed Warren Harding on the outstanding issues of the 1920 campaign is proof positive of his soundness as a Republican leader. His staunch Americanism is the answer to the wild and insidious internationalism under which bolshevism masquerades.

His record indicates that the problem of reorganizing departments of the government to

a peace basis, and eliminating wanton waste is one that he has trained for in a lifelong business experience. The government handles its problems through departments. It is important that these departments cease to pyramid expense and pile up useless burdens on the people of this and coming generations. The business genius of Warren G. Harding is one that can be trusted to adjust the chaotic conditions and make the government function for efficiency. The largest corporations recruit their efficient managers among executives who have solved the problems of smaller units. Warren Harding looms up now, called to undertake this work in the same conscientious manner that has characterized his previous career. Determined to do away with imperialism and executive autocracy, he will call his directors and shape the policy of responsible party government with the counsel of a strong cabinet.

His public addresses prior to the nomination are sufficient to forecast an inaugural address that will meet the pressing issues of the times. One of these addresses had the stirring note of challenge:

> Break the shackles of wartime legislation for both business and citizens. Cut out the extravagance of

government and of individuals. Get back to the Constitution and stand on it immovably. Those who complain at the inefficiency of party government are really criticizing the substitute they propose, because every weakness of the present day is chargeable to the impaired party system. For such failure to meet the people's expectations as our party must answer to today, I answer an insufficient party sponsorship. To alter our political system now, after the marvel of American achievement, would be the abandonment of that which made us what we are, and endangers the republic more than the threat of destruction by force.

When Tennyson described "that tower of strength who stood four-square to all the winds that blew" he voiced the final test of leadership in a crisis.

With all the shifting winds on the seven seas of the political world, in these turbulent times, blowing now gales, now squalls and now lashing into a fury of threatening warring white caps, a cool-headed pilot with firm hand and stout heart is needed at the helm of an national craft, flying the stars and stripes.

"And thou, too, Oh Ship of State, Sail on! Sail on!"

XVI

ANECDOTAL "CLOSE-UPS"

EARLY in the Presidential campaign anecdotes concerning Warren G. Harding came thick and fast. Interest in the personality of the candidate increased, as he became better known to the people. His insistence that it was not the candidate, but the party and its councils that must prevail, did not encourage anecdotal endorsement of himself. And yet, these anecdotal bits day by day added to favorable impressions upon which his popularity continued to gain.

On a New Year's afternoon, during a recess of the Senate, he was found in the composing room of the Marion *Star*, green shade over his eyes, corncob pipe in his firm and well-set jaw. He was "making up" the paper, and the way he handled the printers' rule indicated the craftsman. The shock of senatorial hair was tousled and there was ink on his face, but he

was working with a will to get the paper to press. A caller shouted:

"You are a bird of a United States Senator!"

"I would be a bird of a United States Senator if I didn't know how to do anything else."

This was the calm reply of Warren G. Harding, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, who insisted that the first duty in life is to know how to do things. He was puffing away and pushing the work so that the paper could go to press and give his boys a holiday. He worked with the same will as when he and Mrs. Harding used to count the pennies to meet the payroll and current bills. It was locked up firm, and in the very lock-up of this type form was an index to the character of Warren Harding. He has never forgotten how to work with his hands and produce things. He insists he can send a "form" to the stereotyper with more speed than any man in the shop.

His reverent use of the "print shop towel" on this occasion, with its cubist smears of ink, called up memories. On the second floor he proceeded to wash up, and, after putting on the old smoking jacket, prepared to write an editorial "for the paper tomorrow." As he wrote in long hand on the scratch pad, he continued

to converse between the paragraphs. There was a sudden lull in the press room. His quick ear discerned it. Down he went to the basement and in the quiet way of the old days suggested something that helped fix things, and the boys got out the edition in time and caught the mails. His people all had their extra holiday and he had his fun. Another visit to the "print shop towel," with plenty of soap, and he was back upstairs to complete the editorial.

On the editorial desk of Warren Harding have been written many human interest stories that have a real flavor of life. There was the story of "Hub," the Boston terrier, who was the inseparable companion. Since the days he wandered down the lane driving the cows, Warren Harding has had a dog. He loved this dog, in fact he loves all animals, and his kindness to animals was the same as to people. The editorial tribute paid on the passing of "Hub," his dumb friend, is worthy of a place in literature with that classic plea of Senator George Vest in the court room, describing the devotion of a dog. His description of "The Death of the Blind Man's Son" is a bit of the literature that sparkled frequently in the pages of the Marion *Star*. Ten years after it was printed a tramp

printer who had put it in type met Senator Harding and repeated word for word the tribute to the blind man's son.

Senator Harding's biography is a bundle of common, everyday incidents of everyday people of the country. From this vast majority Senator Harding sprang. The simple recital of the career of an average and representative man of the people; a plain citizen, neither a genius, hero, nor superman, makes every American feel that, whatever else may be said of Warren G. Harding, he is truly one of us.

* * * *

Sitting in the terrace outside the Marble Room of the Senate one summer's day in 1918, I asked Senator Harding what message I should carry to young men and women of today on a Chautauqua tour.

"Impress them with the importance of thinking more of what they can do; have an objective and drive toward it. There are more opportunities under the new order of things than the old. The world is progressing, and the ideals of sound government will prevail. Keep in touch with older people—those who have lived. You know I imbibed much of the philosophy of life from Chandler Smith, the blacksmith

SITE OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF WARREN G. HARDING
(Election day is his birthday)

near Caledonia. There was something alluring in the smell of that red blacksmith shop. And when shoeing horses, Mr. Smith could comment like a sage, with the horse's tail swinging in his face. He was one of the men who made me think of what I could do, because he encouraged and exemplified strength with every blow on the anvil, and his life was a ringing call to the joy of honest labor."

As a lad he had the ambition to see in a real theatre some of Shakespeare's plays which he had read in school. With his chum he went to the city after saving money as diligently as if it were a circus. They occupied cheap seats in the uppermost gallery. With wide-opened eyes they visioned Shakespeare's genius in the glow of footlights. It was like a new world unfolded to them. That night they bunked together—it took all their combined capital to pay for the room—but they bantered back and forth in Shakespeareian phrases in thrilling tones.

* * * *

Warren Harding's life represents merited reward for honest toil. His wealth is not counted in millions. He has not accumulated money other than through the slow and sterling pro-

cesses of business. Every penny of his money has come through clean and square dealing with fellow-men. In business or in private life there is no deal of Warren Harding's that took an unfair advantage of friend or foe, no matter what the profits might promise. As a leader in the onslaught that is sure to come against profiteers and their ill-gotten gains, Warren G. Harding is the man who understands the burdens of the multitude and how honest profits are a safeguard to industrial stability.

Over and over again some of his friends ask: "Is he stern and cross as he appears in the picture?"

This question brings a smile to those who know him, for his kindly, gentle and just nature is the dominant quality of the man, but contact day by day, in look, act and deed, gives a picture and memory of Warren G. Harding to those who know him that no painting or photograph can fully interpret.

The camera sometimes fails to portray in the countenance that something which the public thought unfailingly divines in the inner soul of a man or woman.

XVII

THE TEST OF A PRINTER-PARTNER

FROM a printer-partner in the early days comes a tribute worthy of one who has stood the test of every phase of friendship.

[From the Chicago *News*.]

[Jack Warwick of the Toledo *Blade* has long been a friend of Senator Harding's. At the time of Grover Cleveland's first election they both played horns in the Marion band, and afterward joined forces as Republicans and newspaper men.]

This is about me and the Republican nominee for president of the United States.

"I knew him when——"

Truth is mighty and must wail. Too many falsehoods have been given out about Warren Gamaliel Harding—"W. G." for short. This is especially true of his brass band past. People have been confused in their minds with Hi Henry, who flourished about the same time. Hi and W. G. didn't play in the same band and their methods were different. Hi could play either pp or ff, and was impartial between the little end and big

end of a crescendo movement. W. G. was strong for the big end.

Truth further forces the admission that Warren G. Harding had no more brass band conspicuity than I had. We began to make the night hideous in the same organization. He was conspicuous because he was big and blew the smallest horn, and I was conspicuous because I was small and blew the biggest horn. Destiny maintains a balance for her own. But let that go.

My recollection is that the beginning of the collapse of W. G.'s horn-blowing ambitions took place in November, 1884. Grover Cleveland's election had much to do with it. The Democrats of Marion were turning off a big hurrah in celebration of the temporary resurrection of the party. Johnnie Sickel, a friend of mine, and I drove a pair of yellow ponies nine miles to hear the reheartened rank and file chortle with glee. Harding with his cornet was furnishing the keynote for the wolves of Democracy to howl by.

When the parade was over he found Sickel and me in front of a restaurant. We all went in to eat to Harding's hunger. It was there that the exhausted hornblower sez, sezze:

"Jack, let's buy the Marion Daily *Star*."

"If we do," I asked, "who's going to pay for these oysters?"

Then Johnnie broke in: "The treat's on me boys, oysters and *Star*."

That was the beginning of the resuscitation of the rundown, flea bitten, four page paper that has since become a vital force in the county of Marion, Ohio.

Harding did it. He gave up the cornet for the *Star*. I question whether he ever fully recovered from having blown that horn in celebration of Grover Cleveland's triumph while his heart was aching over James G. Blaine's defeat.

"I knew him when——"

It was a shock to my nerves to wake up last Saturday evening and find myself famous, through no fault of my own. Harding had done it. The man with whom I had worked in various capacities for nearly twenty years was nominated for the biggest job in the country. I must say I worked "with him" in deference to his wishes. Always it was his desire and request that associates and co-laborers should avoid saying they worked "for him." He never wanted them to say that. If he lacks anything, it is the elements of a czar.

Well, it was a long time before the *Star* began to make as much noise in the community as the old brass band had done. It was a daily ostensibly, but publication had been intermittent. The first thing we had to do was to get it to come out every day, in the evening. That was done finally, and only a week or two of regularity was required to establish a bit of confidence in the minds of the people.

W. G. was an indefatigable worker. He worked inside and outside the office. He messed in printer's ink until the office devil was immaculate by comparison. Whatever his hands could find to do he dirtied them with it. Honest toil was written over his shirtsleeves in black splotches. In those days, in that community,

the value of printer's ink was not as well established as now. W. G. was a pioneer in the belief that it paid to advertise, and he could prove it by his shirt.

William G. McAdoo's patched pants would have been an impotent political asset in the Marion Daily *Star* office. For this I may be denounced and denied a cabinet position, but as I said before, truth is mighty and must wail. Read it slowly. At one time Warren G. Harding had to go to bed, in mid-afternoon, near the hour of going to press, to have his pants repaired. Fortunately the repairs were made in time to get the paper on the press at the accustomed hour.

There were many hard days and long nights in the old *Star* office. But through them all Harding was in and out among the workers, one of them, and with a sense of humor that shortened the hours. Most of the way in the early days the traveling was up hill, but through all the rough stuff of disappointment W. G. kept his head up and face toward success. And when success came it did not change the man. He was the same human, cordial, whole-souled fellow workman among his employes.

"I knew him when——"

Yes, I knew him when he was at grips with fate and before. I knew him in school and in the ole swimmin' hole days, in his boyhood home, which was a family shrine. I have gone with him to the cow pasture and have seen him milk. He knows the producing side of a cow. I have seen him on the loaded farm wagon, have seen him paint a house and have seen him make a broom.

But of all the days that I knew him those nearly twenty years in the same printing office are the most vivid. There he stood up to man's height and faced the world in a hard struggle, unyielding in the teeth of discouragement and holeproof ridicule.

It's my personal opinion that W. G. ought to be elected.

JACK WARWICK.

Toledo, Ohio, June 18.

XVIII

CHAMPION OF AMERICANISM

THE American people will vote for Warren G. Harding because he is the Republican standard bearer. The party is united as never before. Recognized as a man among men, he can work with others and eliminate executive autocracy. The qualities of Harding that impress the people are honesty, tact, firmness, lack of pretense. He knows human nature and the plain people.

He has won his own way in the world and has lived and grown up among the people, not to spectacular heights of wealth but to a competence which all Americans are entitled to hope for. He won the respect of the neighborhood, and as the neighborhood area is extended into national proportions, he grew naturally and inevitably into national leadership. He is a product of the soil—wholesome all through. An efficient factor in Congress during the world war,

Senator Warren G. Harding was among the first to see Wilson's fallacies before and after the war on preparedness—both for war and peace. He was one of the thirty-nine Senators who joined in the Round Robin protest. His service in Washington during these eventful years has made him thoroughly conversant with domestic and foreign affairs. His experience with industrial operations and knowledge of the necessities of a protective tariff to furnish employment for the American people will enable them to guard against the influx of foreign goods, which would mean stagnation at home. Practical, sensible, aggressive, he has demonstrated qualities of a capable executive equal to the great tasks of the hour. Best of all, to complete his high qualifications, he is a lovable, domestic human—one of the people—a convincing public speaker, and whether from porch, platform or in public print, he knows how to interpret the public mind. His real character and proportions will become known to the people as they are known by the legion of friends, whose convictions grow deeper that Warren G. Harding is truly the man to lead in epochal times.

As a champion of protection, Warren G. Harding is a crusader fully equipped and ready to

meet the challenge of the Democratic platform of 1920 for a "tariff for revenue." The Republican party affirmed its belief in the protective principle, and pledged itself to revision as soon as conditions make it necessary for the preservation of the market for American labor, agriculture, and industries.

President Buchanan, a Democrat, comment-on the tariff for revenue of 1846 said:

> In the midst of unsurpassed plenty in all the productions and elements of national wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of various kinds abandoned and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to distress.

Referring to the same period of tariff for revenue, President McKinley drew a similar picture in these words:

> But instead of insuring prosperity it produced universal distress and want; instead of raising money to support the government, even during a period of peace and wonderful development, the system of duties it provided was utterly insufficient and produced results exactly the opposite of those claimed for it. As soon as the foreign wars ceased the revenue began to diminish and the expenditures to exceed it, thus creating de-

ficiencies and forcing loans and increasing our national debt from $15,500,000 in 1846 to $90,580,000 on March 4, 1861.

In 1913 came another period of low tariff, when Martin W. Littleton, a Democratic member of Congress, reported:

New York is at this moment the centre of the most remarkable pessimism I have ever known. There is a sense of depression and dismay here that I have not seen before in this great city during the seventeen years that I have known it.

These are the unfailing results of tariff-for-revenue policies, and Warren G. Harding knows his history of American political and economic developments. He realized that war conditions in 1914 saved the country from the disaster of another calamity under the Underwood Act, which is still in force and must remain in force until a Republican President is elected who will not veto a protective tariff bill.

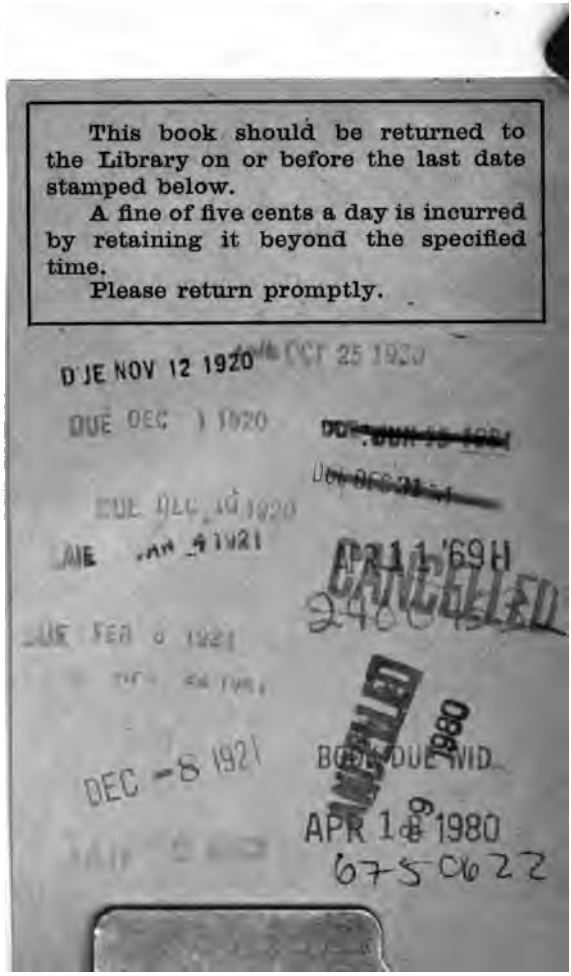
With a voice of prophecy Warren G. Harding one month preceding his nomination, when he or his friends had little thought of his becoming the Republican leader in this crucial campaign, outlined in ringing tones to the Home Market Club in Boston the parting of the ways and a

dominant issue of the campaign. He spoke as a thorough-going American, experienced in legislation, who aimed at definite objectives, for the interest of all the country in meeting an impending crisis:

> When the world restores normal production it is going to seek the American market, and you will have a new order to face then. And yet I remember that in 1912 we were promised a reduced cost of living. We were to sharpen our wits in competition with the world. We sharpened our wits, but dulled our production. You have forgotten it now, but we were on the skids in 1914. Nothing but the world war saved us. We protected our home market with war's barrage. But the barrage was lifted with the passing of the war. The American people will not heed today because world competition is not yet restored, but the morrow will soon come when the world will seek our markets, and we must think of America first or surrender American eminence. I believe most cordially in the home market first for the American product. There is no other way to assure our prosperity.

Young America, with its red-blooded hopes; first voters with their visions; American manhood and womanhood in their struggles and triumphs; veterans in the sunset of life, all find their own aspirations revealed in the life experiences and record of the Republican leader

of 1920. Their ideals of Americanism will be declared by ballot and support of the conviction that Warren G. Harding is the measure of a man to be chosen President of the United States.



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